

THE JEWISH TIMES.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, SCIENCE, ART, LITERATURE AND JEWISH INTERESTS.

VOL. VII. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 164.

NOT YET.

Not yet from the yellow west
Faded light of the autumn day
Fades my way in of rest
And rough the way.
I have waited long, my own,
And the night is dark and drear
To wait alone.
Not yet, with leaves that fall,
Fall, rose of the wayside thorn,
Fair and most sweet of all,
Thou summer-born!
Thou speakest of my rose, that stands
And waits, through the lessening years,
My gathering hands.
Fall not, O my life, so fast—
Fall not till I have met!
So on, soon will my pulse be past,
But oh, not yet.
Till those fond eyes on me shine
And that heart so dear, so dear,
Beats close to mine.

KENNETH SHIELDS.

My Aunt Hester declared it to be an insufferable nuisance, living in the midst of mills and factories, having for your nearest neighbors, workmen and mill hands. Indeed, her august indignation knew no bounds when the manufactory of Mr. Shields was erected just outside her yard, on the ground adjoining.

The village was a village no longer, but a metropolis, spreading its borders over the hills, to the east and west, to the north and south; and down in the valley was the throbbing heart, teeming with its busy people. Its factories and mills were being erected in what had once been the suburbs of a village.

My aunt, Hester Stuart, and her daughters, Geraldine and Clotilde, were ladies of fashion, and all that the word implies they were. The greatest "catch" of the season, the newest opera, the latest prima donna, and the styles, were the sum total of their conversation.

It was conceded by all the household that Miss Geraldine was the lady of the house. Even her mamma called her Miss Geraldine, and it was a high misdemeanor to omit the important prefix.

Miss Geraldine always had the first and best of everything, and Clotilde was obliged to submit to her sometimes, in a very humiliating manner. I, the poor dependent orphan niece, was chided by one and upbraided by another, until, between them all, my "lines" were hard ones. I thought if my aunt possessed such a thing as a conscience, surely, it would say to her, "Sleep no more."

When Mr. Shields was building, and my aunt was unacquainted with his personal history, this sooty manufactory, with its smoky chimneys, was an eye-sore to her fastidious taste.

"It ought to be declared a nuisance, this grimy old factory and those greasy workmen! What a desirable view from our parlor window! It is outrageous!"

Thus would my aunt comment upon Mr. Shields' workshop.

But very soon it began to be generally known that Mr. Shields was a bachelor; then she began to cultivate his acquaintance and to court his favor. He was rich; he would be such a capital husband for Miss Geraldine.

Siege was laid immediately, and if cunning diplomacy was to be depended upon, surely the citadel must surrender.

Mr. Shields was reported to be perfectly impervious to the arts and wiles spread out for him by mamma and daughters who were on the "look-out," so to speak. It was generally supposed that he had been through "deep waters."

The gossips said that he had, when a journeyman and poor, loved a lady whose father would not consent to the match until he could produce a stipulated sum. He worked hard, and began to amass a fortune; but the girl was fickle, and before he was ready had married another. This embittered him. Now he was wedded to his work. Business was his idol—money his wife and children. He scarcely gave a second glance to any woman.

My aunt and Miss Geraldine began to lay their plans, and the distant, reserved Mr. Shields was often invited to balls and dinners. Almost any afternoon you could hear them laughing and exchanging merry sallies from the window.

As the days went by I often noticed him looking intently at me as I performed my daily work. Sometimes, when I was dusting the parlor, I would chance to look toward the mill and catch his glance. I often wondered what he thought of me, if he thought of me at all. Perhaps he was only meditating, lost in his speculations, and his eyes happened to rest on me. I tortured my brain to find a solution to this enigma, asking myself if I was vain enough to suppose that Kenneth Shields was thinking of me. This indifferent man was only thinking of his gains and losses; he had no possible interest in a girl who washed dishes and dusted parlors in her aunt's fine establishment.

Shall I tell you how his appearance struck me, and how deeply I became interested in him, in these days? I cannot describe him quite as he appeared to me; I can tell you only of his sunny blonde hair and his deep gray eyes, of the well built figure, standing perhaps five feet seven. I

cannot tell you of a beautiful Apollo, tall and beyond all men fair; but I can say in pure truthfulness that this calm, almost grave face fascinated and drew me on with a powerful hold which other fairer faces had no power to do. I felt my poor heart fluttering when his eyes rested upon me. I crept away to hide myself with renewed vigor in the privacy of my own apartment.

Thus I had grown familiar with him, and his daily appearance I began to watch for, and when he failed to come I often went to my room and cried, out of sheer loneliness. His presence was a solace; although he had never spoken to me, yet I was said and discorolate when he was absent.

One evening my aunt and cousins were going out. I was assisting them, when I chanced to drop Miss Geraldine's story fan and break the tiny mirror. She tapped me smartly on the ear, and in bitter anger said: "You awkward little fool! Now my fan is in a nice condition! If you cannot be more careful hereafter, you had better let things alone!"

Turning to her mamma she said, "Mr. Shields always takes my fan; if I chance to lay it down, and now it's utterly ruined by the carelessness of that thing!"

She looked daggers at me. Aunt Hester, I thought, might have given me some sympathy; she only turned and said:

"Mona, hereafter try to be careful; you have irritated Miss Geraldine considerably. Do not vex yourself; I will get another fan for you, dear child," she said to her daughter.

When they were gone, I threw myself upon the sofa and gave vent to my pent-up sorrow. No reproaches, however unjust and harsh, no cutting remarks, no scornful looks, could cause me to cry in their presence; I kept control over my emotions, and wept only when alone.

I cried and sobbed, and longed for any fate that would free me from this thralldom. Finally I must have fallen into an uneasy slumber. The sense that tells us some one is near awoke me. Standing motionless, looking down upon me in silent pity, was Mr. Shields.

I hurriedly started up, muttering some kind of apology, and a face and assumed of my tear-stained face and rumpled hair, I requested him to be seated, and he sat down, not on the chair near him, but beside me on the sofa. I was confused, and knew not what to do or say. I suppose he had perceived enough to notice my agitation. He was all calmness and ease. I wondered if it were possible he could hear my foolish heart beat, and see the tremor of my lips, when I tried to answer his questions.

"You are in trouble to-night, Mona?"

I shall remember to my dying day the inexpressible sweetness of those sympathizing tones. I thought, as I always have since, that it was the most musical voice I had heard in all my troubled, dreary life.

"You were sobbing in your sleep when I came in; what is it? Are you lonely? Aunt and cousins are gone, aren't they? Well, cheer up; they are still here until they return. They are not unkind to you, are they?"

I could not tell an untruth now, with the tear stains still on my cheeks; so I answered:

"Miss Geraldine scolded me because I dropped her fan and broke the mirror, and Aunt Hester, too."

Here I completely broke down, and cried as if I was never going to stop. He sat awhile in silence, and let me sob undisturbed; then he said, laying his hand upon my head:

"Don't give way to your grief; come, cheer up; you are hurt by cross words and reproaches, but there is sunshine after rain. Mona, to-night you and I are drawing very near to each other; I, too, have been stung by ingratitude. I have sounded the depths of bitter waters, and by the porphy of one person I was sunk to the depths of despair. But I am out of this slough of despond, and am now far happier than I would have been had affairs gone differently. I am now in a position which perhaps I should not have attained if I had gained what I coveted above all else at one time. I outgrew my bitter disappointment, and in my work I found a panacea. Now I am in a very tranquil state of mind, and Mona, little friend, I have observed you, and am aware you are not happy. We will sympathize with each other, and in our mutual friendship dispel part of the gloom."

His kind words, so mildly spoken, the most gentle that it had been my good fortune to hear since I was an inmate of my aunt's house, went to my lonely heart like a soothing balm. I rallied, and soon we began to talk.

The hours flew by rapidly. "You and I are only beginning to know each other, Mona," said my new friend at last. "We are going to be capital friends, and—"

No more was said, for aunt and cousins came in, and our evening together was cut short.

They were profuse in playful reproaches, and Mr. Shields was scolded in a pretty way for not attending the party. He said:

"Well, you see I was detained by an important business until I feared it was too late; then I dropped in here, thinking perhaps some of you were at home. I found Miss Mona, and as she was all alone, I thought I should be doing my duty to stay with her. So I stayed, and we have had quite a jolly time."

Aunt Hester made some sort of reply, and Geraldine shot a glance in my direction calculated to annihilate me. They all seemed to want to box my ears. So I just "folded my tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away."

The next morning I had my orders. I was given my "walking papers." I was soundly reprimanded for my forwardness, and my aunt and cousins took turns in taunting me. Then I was spirited away in the night time to my aunt's farm far out in the country, exiled, abandoned, driven away.

One evening I went to a neighbor's to get the mail, which he often brought for us. The next winter day was closing in on my return. A sleigh passed me. Its occupant, a man, was muffled up in furs and robes; he looked at me as he passed, then the ejaculation, "Mona!" came out in a very emphatic manner. I looked up; it was Kenneth Shields.

The robes were thrown hurriedly back and he jumped out.

"Mona, where are you going? Is this where you have been all this time? I made bold to inquire your whereabouts, but your aunt gave me very unsatisfactory answers. You did steal away in a dreadfully mysterious manner. From standing at my elbow you fled into the vast unknown."

I could hardly speak for joy; for the light in Kenneth's eyes was clearly that of love. I no longer accused myself of vanity when I confessed that he really did think of me. Well, it is the old story. The next day I bade adieu to the dreary farm, and with my promised husband started for the city, on reaching which we were quietly married. Then we drove to my aunt's, and Kenneth introduced me as "Mrs. Shields" to aunt and cousins. They were astonished and ashamed, and I confess plain Mona Norton to Mrs. Kenneth Shields quite startled me. They welcomed us in a tolerably hospitable manner, and for form's sake we stayed to dinner; still a latent spark of resentment lingered underneath the show of good will.

"Mona, dear," said my husband, when we were alone, "were you resigned to your fate, and would you have made no effort to let me know your abiding place? You did not intend to forget me?"

"Indeed I did not; and if you had not come to rescue me, I don't think I could have gone on living. But I am happy now, so let us forget the past."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Pies date back to the time of the Romans, and came originally from Picardy. Some of the original pies are still on sale at railroad restaurants.

It is said that the fashion in swearing is changing. Let us hope the new styles will bring us some word that will prove adequate to the situation when a man's suspenders break while he is walking.

A Lewiston young lady who went into a store to buy a pair of gloves for her young man couldn't remember what the size of his hand was. She knew, however, that he wore a 144 collar, if the clerk could tell anything by that.

The Chelsea boys called a tramp "Old Finback" because it would make him mad, and after he had thumped all three of them until they were half dead they concluded that they had made a mistake, as he wasn't funny when mad.

A band of Indians from the far west recently visited New Haven, and when they heard the Yale boys yell, they drew apart and wept to think how they had been fooling themselves for years with the idea that they knew how to howl.

It is asserted that the housefly transmits disease by carrying germs from place to place. A careful housewife will do well when she sees a fly with a germ in his hand, to drive him over the garden wall into the house of her neighbor.

Tenant: "I hope, landlord, you'll have that wood-work repaired this week." Landlord: "Oh, that wood-work doesn't need any repairs, it'll stand a year longer, easily." Tenant: "Yes, my dear sir, but you forget that I'm entirely out of kindling!"

"That is a fine dog you have, my friend," says a charitable passer who has just dropped a coin into the hat of a poor blind man. "It is indeed, sir." "What will you take for him?" I should like to buy him." "Sell my dog?" exclaims the blind man; "Never, sir, never! Why, sir, I prize that dog as I do the apple of my eye!"

Answers to correspondents—Lilly M. S., Monmouth, Ill.: "Would you

be so kind as to give me a receipt for a baked plum pudding?" Certainly, Lilly, certainly. Send on your baked plum pudding, and we will send you a receipt for it by return mail. Could you send a 3-cent stamp to cover postage?

The scene is laid at a Spiritualist assembly, and the medium has evoked a departed spirit of the mighty dead. The following conversation takes place, amidst an excited hush: "Is the spirit of Epaminondas present?" Three affirmative knocks. "Who am I?" "An infernal ass!" spells out the spirit of Epaminondas.

"Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "Here's dat \$19 what yer lent me about a year ago." "Braidler Bob, I is greatly surprised at de course what yer self is now takin'." "For de Lawd I neber specked ter git dat money again, an' I'd dun thought dat I had gin de money ter yer." "If dat's de case, Uncle Ben, I'll jes put it back inter my pocket. I always make it a rule neber ter disappoint a man."

At the French ball: "What, you here, Gaston, when only two weeks ago you buried the wife who loved you so fondly and to whom you seemed so devoted?" "Well, and where would you wish me to be?" "It does seem to me that if I had lost the companion of my life I should be somewhere else, weep—"

"Over her grave? I know, but the cemetery closes at sundown!"

An elderly lady in Georgia owns the original manuscript of "Home Sweet Home," written by John Howard Payne. She has been offered a fabulous price for it. Without inflating ourselves with vain pride, we will casually mention that we have a number of original manuscript copies of "Snow," "Spring," and other popular national effusions. The Judge also valued them at a priceless figure, but the figure can be exactly determined when the junk-dealer weighs them up for old paper.

Once upon a time an editor in search of food was compelled to pawn his diamond shirt studs for a loaf of bread. While conveying the humble meal to his castle a hungry dog ran off with it, and a few moments of his watch. Instead of being rattled by these untoward incidents, the editor smilingly remarked: "I thank the gods that I still have my appetite left." We are taught by this little fable that true contentment is the greatest of all journalistic boons.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new pieces the following deserves a place: It was the first night—and morning of "Monte Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might have been of Chinese origin. At a quarter before 1 in the morning the curtain rose upon the last act. Charles Fletcher, in the character of the hero, is discovered seated in a contemplative attitude. Like the ghost in "Alonzo the Brave," he moved not, he spoke not; but there came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat sad but gentle voice, these words: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect may be imagined.

NEGRO "SHOUTING."

Nearly every religious service among the negroes in Arkansas is attended with one or more cases of hysteria. Both whites and blacks in the Bends use the term "shouting" to describe this phenomenon, though, so far as I have known, the victims never really shout. The white say that the term originated years ago, when the negroes in their contortions really shouted, but that the yell reduced the meetings to a bedlam too uproarious for even negro tastes, and that by orders of the church officers all real shouting has been suppressed, though the old title is retained to describe the strange convulsion. If this is so, it argues that the condition is one of fictitious hysteria put on for show. But some cases that I have seen elsewhere go far to indicate that sometimes the hysteria is genuine. In one instance, when a protracted "watch meeting" on the last night of the year was in progress, I saw a negro lean forward upon a rail of a seat, holding it fast with both hands. Then she began a series of convulsive leaps, rising high upward and pulling herself down again with a movement so swift that she actually seemed a mere shadow in the air. This awful energy, which I do not believe the strongest man in his natural condition could have imitated for more than two or three minutes, this negro kept up for at least twenty minutes, falling back at last with a dull "thud" on her head. It seems hard to reconcile this and many like cases with anything but a real morbid ecstasy generated by nervous emotion. It is a fact also of some interest that the term "shouting" in some parts of the south is used only for a peculiar dance in which the males and females, standing back to back in two separate lines, sing, dance, scream and go through some original negro calisthenics.

A NEW MANIA.

In writing about the postage stamp fiend, it must be understood, in the first place, that the word "fiend" is used in a Pickwickian sense. That word in days gone by meant an imp of darkness—one of Satan's emissaries. Of late it has acquired, in this country at least, a new significance, one which we are surprised to see, is not in the latest editions of the dictionaries, but which will no doubt in due time appear there. We speak nowadays of the hand-organ fiend, the subscription book fiend, the prize package fiend, and we do not mean thereby to consign the persons mentioned to the infernal regions, except metaphorically. It may be that the word is used, sometimes instead of a word which itself bears traces of a very colloquial, not to say slangy, origin—we refer to the word "bore."

Having thus disclaimed any evil intention in applying the term—which is the more necessary since some of the class broadly comprehended in it belong to the fairer sex—we must explain what we mean by the postage stamp fiend. We do not mean the person, generally a boy, who is intent on collecting all the stamps of different nationalities, and who, when the mania seizes him, becomes hopelessly given over to it, and will barter all his earthly possessions and his future prospects for a good example of a rare stamp. This form of possession is bad enough, but it has a certain "tone" after all; there is some regard for quality about it, which redeems it from hopeless vulgarity. No; the fiend we mean is not the genuine collector of stamps. He—or she, more often—to whom we refer is the person who is heaping up a million three cent United States stamps, generally for an alleged charitable or semi-charitable object. There are a great many of her—or him, or them. The first one we ever knew of was a young woman whose father, having been besought long in vain for a new ball dress, finally made the rash promise that if she would get together a million stamps she should have it. Thereupon she immediately set all her gentlemen friends—of whom, being a comely one, she had a goodly number—on their feet, and bits of green paper. We never found out whether she got the dress or not. We trust not.

Others of these monomaniacs have extracted promises from unthinking persons to endow beds in hospitals, to pay for the support of an orphan in a "Home," to buy a Sunday-school library for a "mission," and to do various things of the sort, on condition of receiving a million postage stamps. And they always enlist the services of their friends. Young men in college are especially susceptible to these demands, and there are dozens of them who have ruined their standing in the class by devoting their whole time to begging stamps, and have exposed more ingenuity and patience in detaching them from the envelopes than would have sufficed to master the differential and integral calculus, or to learn all the rules in the Greek grammar.

The latest case is cabled to us from France. A young woman who is very anxious to be married has been promised a wedding on condition of producing a million—it is always a million; why, nobody can tell—postage stamps; and people of all nationalities are appealed to for help.

This thing ought to be stopped. It has gone far enough. Why not require something useful as a condition of a gift, instead of a heap of useless waste paper? Why not make the test the knitting of a million pair of socks, or keeping perfect silence for a million minutes, or eating a million chocolate caramels, or something the net result of which would be a benefit to the race?—[Mail and Express, N. Y.]

AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.

Shakespeare's words: "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; The thief doth fear each b sh an officer," were vividly illustrated at a Freedmen's Mission School.

Two little boys, after quarreling on the playground, each brought a complaint to the teacher.

"He struck me," said one.

"He said I stole his knife," said the other.

"I said somebody stole it," said the first.

"You meant me," replied the other.

"Why, Charlie," said the teacher, "if Willie had told me that somebody had stolen his knife, it would not have made me angry. I should not have thought he meant me."

"Well, but you don't steal," was the ready answer, greeted with a laugh from the other boys, as they saw how he had given evidence against himself.

A person with a sense of guilt and an unquiet conscience is always oversensitive and suspicious.

The virtues of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct.

Not long since a smart 7-year-old son of one of our preachers, after service was over and the family had returned home from church, said:

"Papa, do you ever look at me while you are preaching?"

The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son, I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching."

"But, to day, did you notice me at all?"

"Yes, I did, several times," said the father.

"Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?"

"No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?"

"I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop; you were spinning it out too long."

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

All history is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

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Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

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THE JEWISH TIMES.

San Francisco, California.
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State than all the other Jewish
journals combined.

The Jewish Calendar.

For the Year 5,643, 1882-83.

1882.	5643.		
Sept. 14	Tishri	Rosh Hashanah.	2d day
" 15	"	"	"
" 16	"	Sab. Teshuvah	"
" 17	"	Fast of Gedalyah	"
" 23	"	Yom Kippur	"
" 24	"	Success 1st day	"
" 25	"	"	"
" 26	"	"	2d day
October 4	"	Hosh'ana Raba	"
" 5	"	Sh'moneh Ezeret	"
" 6	"	Sin has Torah	"
" 7	"	Sab. Teshuvah	"
" 14	"	30 th Rosh Hodesh	"
" 15	"	"	"
" 16	Heshvan	"	"
Nov. 1	Kislev	"	"
Dec. 6	"	"	"
" 11	Tebeth	"	"
" 20	"	Hanukah 1st day	"
"	"	Rosh Hodesh	"
"	"	10 th Fast of Tebeth	"
1883.			
January 9	Shebat	1 st Rosh Hodesh	"
February 7	"	"	"
" 8	1 st Adar	"	"
March 30	"	"	"
" 10	"	"	"
" 23	"	Fast of Esther	"
" 24	"	14 th Purim	"
" 25	"	15 th Sheaths Purim	"
April 8	Nissan	Rosh Hodesh	"
" 22	"	16 th Pesach 1st day	"
" 23	"	"	"
" 24	"	"	2d day
" 25	"	"	7th day
" 26	"	"	8th day
May 20	"	"	"
" 21	"	Rosh Hodesh	"
" 28	1 st Iyar	"	"
" 29	"	"	"
June 15	6 th Sivan	18 th 3d day of Omer	"
" 23	"	Rosh Hodesh	"
" 25	"	6 th Shebhoth 1st day	"
" 26	"	"	"
July 19	"	7 th Rosh Hodesh	2d day
" 20	"	"	"
" 27	1 st Tamuz	1 st Fast of Tamuz	"
" 28	"	"	"
August 4	Ab.	9 th Rosh Hodesh	"
" 12	"	14 th Shebho	"
" 13	"	20 th Rosh Hodesh	"
September 3	Elul	"	"
" 11	"	"	"
October 1	"	29 th Eve Rosh Hashanah	"
" 2	"	"	"

Foreign News.

The Hungarian authorities are looking sharp after the Anti-Semite prints in Buda-Pesth.

The actual condition of the Jewish population in Serbia is very much improved.

An attempt was made to blow up a Jewish banking house in Taganrog, Russia, with dynamite.

Dr. Goldschmidt, Chief Rabbi of Leipzig, celebrated the 25th year of his Rabbinic, 12th ult.

Miss Rose Belisario, well known as a teacher in London, for several decades, died March 9th.

Mrs. B. Goldsmid, Miss Caroline Goldsmid, and Lady Salomons were presented at the Queen's Drawing Room, 13th ult.

Baron Meyer Charles von Rothschild of Frankfurt, has received the Grand Cross of the Order of Roumania from the King.

Recent discoveries of very ancient copies of the Old Testament Scriptures in Hebrew and Hebrew-Russian have been made at Yemen, in Arabia.

Dr. Neumann was installed on the 28th ult. as Rabbi of Gross-Kaniza, one of the wealthiest congregations in Hungary.

The Lord Mayor of York, and the Mayors of Cardiff and Scarborough, have become subscribers to the Leeds branch of the Anglo-Jewish Association.

Arthur Cohen, Q. C., M. P., in the chair.

Dr. Joseph Abrahams, of London, has been selected as Minister of the Melbourne Hebrew Congregation.

Sir N. M. de Rothschild, Bart., M. P., has been nominated a member of the Committee of the House of Commons, for dealing with Bills relating to Trade, Shipping, and Manufactures.

M. Ferdinand Bischoffshein has been elected by a majority of 2,000 votes over his opponent, to fill the vacancy in the Brussels Senate caused by the death of his father.

Louis Barnett, seventeen years of age, of Wellington, New Zealand, has gained a university scholarship for three years—he being at the head of forty-four candidates.

A rare occurrence took place at Amsterdam in the early part of this month. Widow deLeeuw aged 85 years stood as godmother to her son's grandson. The son, a respected Talmudist, is 65 years old. The happy great grandmother is still active.

The London Jews' Free School educated last year 2,800 children, at a cost to the community of about five shillings a head. The total cost per child was about £3, while the average cost per child of the London School Board amounted to £5, 7s. 6d.

The Emperor of Austria has contributed a handsome service of silver, with twelve pieces, twelve silver cake plates, and a marble table to the bazaar in aid of the synagogue of Pzernitz, which is to be rebuilt at Dantzig.

The Official Gazette of St. Petersburg announces that an Imperial order has directed the formation of a special commission, consisting of officers of various bureaus under the chairmanship of the former Minister of the Interior, to revise the various laws relating to the Jews, and to recommend any necessary changes.

One of the most renowned professors in the University of Amsterdam, Dr. Israel, Professor of the History of Medicine, recently died, aged 60. He was an authority in medicine and hygiene, and held a high rank in the world of letters. He was a steadfast adherent to the Jewish faith, and a profound Talmudic scholar. He filled offices in the congregation and rabbinical seminary.

Those investigators who in England assert that the Anglo-Saxons were the lost Ten Tribes of Israel have overlooked an argument of the best kind which came to light a few years ago near Abingdon. This was no less than a Jewish coin of the year two of Simon Maccabees, found with a coin of Ptolemy VII, and some Roman pieces. On the obverse is in Hebrew, "Sheqel Yisrael" with a cup or chalace, and "year two" above it. On the reverse a central device, possibly Aaron's rod, and an inscription, "Yerushalym hak-kedoshah," Jerusalem the Holy.

The following interesting statistics are taken from *Russkt Evrey*. In the little town of Kedan, Russia, there live 921 Jewish families, out of a population of 1,171 families. All the tailors of the town, 29 in number, are Jews, and they employ 68 workmen. Of the 53 shoemakers, 51 are Jews; and all the saddlers, painters, bookbinders, glaziers, watchmakers, hatters, bakers, in the place are Jews; of 25 masons, 19 are Jews; of 21 carpenters, 17 are Jews; the coach drivers are all Jews. Kedan has one Jewish physician. On the other hand, the 153 shops are entirely in the hands of Jews; of the 31 inns, 29 are Jewish; there is one Jewish and eight Greek-Catholic money-lenders there. The criminal statistics show that of 165 charges with offences only 28 profess Judaism and only one of these was accused of theft. Similar conditions exist in most Russian towns.

North, South, East and West.

The *Jewish Record* says that the "Hebrew Sunday School Society" of Philadelphia, commemorated Purim on Sunday at their several schools, by the distribution of illuminated cards, illustrative of the Book of Esther. The Rev. S. Morais, with his usual indefatigability in all matters pertaining to Jewish education, delivered an interesting address at both the Northern and Southern Schools; and at the latter S. Solis Cohen, Esq., also made some appropriate remarks. The festival was further celebrated on Monday, at Mercantile Hall, by providing an entertainment for the pupils of all their schools, including the children of the Foster Home, and one hundred from the Wayne Street School, making an audience of over one thousand.

M. Samuel Hecht, for thirteen years treasurer of District Grand Lodge, No. 3, I. O. B. B., has resigned. His successor is Mr. M. C. Hirsch.

Mr. Sol. Solis Cohen will lecture tomorrow evening before the Y. M. H. A. of Philadelphia. Subject, "The Hour and its Needs."

A promenade and hop was given by the St. Louis Y. M. H. A., 31st ult.

A Purim entertainment was given by the Hebrew Free School children of St. Louis. The play of Esther was enacted upon the occasion.

Rev. H. Messing was announced to preach Saturday last in St. Louis, his text being "Dispassionate Judgment."

Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes lectured before a large audience in New York, on the romantic and historical subject, "Esther of Poland."

Ludwig Barnay, the great German actor, is an Israelite. A breakfast was given in his honor at Delmonico's, New York, last month. Among those present were Carl Schurz, Whitelaw Reid, Charles Scribner, Lester Wallack, Lawrence Barrett, Julian Hawthorne and other distinguished representatives of literature, art and the stage. Toasts were drunk, speeches made, and Mr. George P. Lathrop read the following poem, entitled "Barnay":

As Caesar, thrice he doth the crown refuse;
You all have seen. But if the tragic muse
Yield royal favors, can he longer choose?
So we, her votaries, to-day may bring
A gift to him—the Muse's offering—
And crown him, both as Lear and Caesar,
[Singing.]

And yet, to crown shall Coriolanus bend?
No! Rather, say our homage here we lend
To one who's simply artist, man and friend.

The new "Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews," in New York, cost \$100,000. This includes building, land, furniture, etc. \$90,000 of the amount is unpaid.

Mr. Selig Baumgarten, who died in Baltimore a few weeks since, was a noted seal engraver. Before coming to America, he was court sealcutler in the kingdom of Hanover, and he made numerous State and Consular seals in this country, and he enjoyed the largest confidence of his numerous patrons.

The congregation *Mikveh Israel*, of Philadelphia, Rev. S. Morais, minister was re-opened Purim evening, after having undergone some needed improvements. Mr. Abraham Hart is one of the oldest members, and was president of the body 35 years.

UNWISE ATTACHMENTS.

From Baltimore comes the following, showing some of the consequences which may arise from "marrying for money."

An extraordinary suit has just been brought in the courts of Baltimore, Md. The lady is only seventeen years old, and her husband is over sixty, and the union, two months ago, created much gossip, owing to the great disparity in their respective ages. She alleges that soon after the marriage her husband, though possessed of ample means, denied her the necessary means of living, and upon her insisting upon her rights, he consented to supply her with all she required, provided she would sign a paper which he represented was necessary in order to enable him to raise funds on real estate. She thereupon signed the paper, being ignorant of business transactions, and subsequently learned that he had signed away all her rights to any share in the estate, worth \$150,000.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Herman, to Mr. Charles Beckman was to have taken place at her father's residence, 21st ult., in Baltimore. When the guests arrived, they found the residence of the Hermans closed, and were told that the wedding had been postponed. It was learned the following day that the bridegroom elect disappeared a few hours before the time set for the ceremony, after vainly endeavoring to have it postponed. The Hermans are wealthy, and the girl is a belle among the East Baltimoreans. Beckman came to this country about four months ago, and obtained employment in the dry goods house of Mr. Herman, where he showed much business capacity and industry. He chanced to meet his employer's daughter, they became engaged, and the parents consented to their union. Beckman broached the subject of dower, but the father refused to do more than start the groom in business with \$5,000 worth of stock. Beckman wanted \$10,000 cash, and Her-

man would not give it. On Tuesday Beckman called on his bride elect, and during the evening fell on the floor, as though suffering from an epileptic fit. He then made the proposal to postpone the wedding, but did not get the girl's consent. The opinion is that he desired to marry the girl for her money, and failing to induce the father to come down handsomely, he absconded. The girl is quite ill.

BABY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, Baby dear?
Out of the every where into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry sparks left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Fest, whence did you come, you darling thing?
From the same box as cherubs' wings.
How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I am here.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Magnolia Lodge No. 29, I. O. O. F., has elected the following-named past grands as representatives to the Grand Lodge: James K. Phillips, Herman Stern, Samuel Polack, Henry Lipman, Samuel Laventhal and Joseph Catania.

New Advertisements.

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1138 SUTTER (THE RICHMOND)—Two handsomely furnished sunny corner bay-window suites, with board.

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J. H. MOTT & CO.,
Have removed their Storage Office from 647 Market to 735 Market St.
OFFICE on first floor, in Model Music Store.

With improved facilities are shall welcome old and new patrons and receive their Furniture, Trunks, Boxes and Pianos for safekeeping.

GRAND OPENING!
SHIPPER & SCHWARTZ,
MERBANT TAILORS,
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NICOLL, THE TAILOR.

Popular Prices, Popular Styles.
Large Stock Men's and Boys'
Ready-made Clothing,
Men's Furnishing Goods and
Neckwear.

816 & 818 MARKET STREET, S. F.
Phelan's Block.

Samples with Instructions for Self-Measurement Sent Free.

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Table Board during
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Apply Early.
109 O'Farrell street.

Grand Excursion

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Sunday, May 6th, 1883.

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Now opened by Mrs. McCluney, at
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All the Latest Styles at the Very Lowest Prices.

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Miss M. E. Belanger
Having returned from the East, has opened her

DRESSMAKING

Parlors and Pattern Rooms
Rooms 50, 51 and 52, over City of Paris B'g,
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Being fully prepared to present the Leading Fashions to the Ladies and Families of the city and state.
A special invitation is offered them to call.
All work positively guaranteed, and at the lowest rates.

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NOTICE!

HAVING RENOVATED THE BROOKLYN Hotel throughout, and opened it to the public, we will spare no pains to make it a first class house in every respect.

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Yours very respectfully,
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PLEATING, PINKING AND
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For Sale by all Druggists.

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Special classes for pupils of Public Schools from 3:30 to 5:30 P. M., also Saturdays.

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